

THE
Cambridge Election

A
New BALLAD

Tune of, *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*



LONDON

Printed for A. MOOR near St. Paul, MDCCCXXIX.

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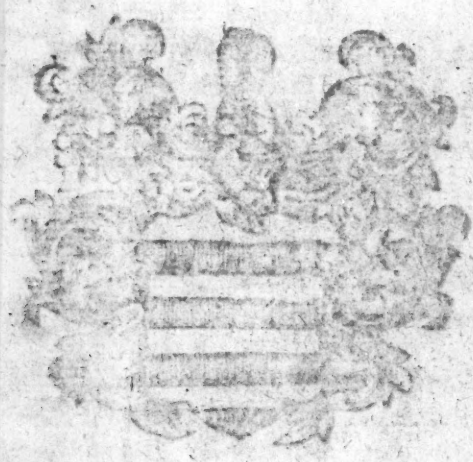
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Cambridge Election

New Ballad

Life of King John and the State of Christendom



Printed for A. Moore & Co. Ltd. MDCCLXXIX
LONDON

T H E (1) CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

YE Regents, Non Regents, and men of the Town,
That in Colleges dwell or in Cambridge fair Town,
I'll tell ye a Tale, O much to be play'd!
How the *Whigs* by the *Tories* were fairly outwitted,
Derry down, &c.

II 'Tis of an Arch-deacon I purpose to sing,
And eke of the mighty Monarch of *M---*,
Nor forget we to mention the far man of *Sidney*,
Nor a Conservator, all four of a *Kidney*, *Derry down, &c.*

III How they bufl'd and blunder'd, and made a great potter,
To bring into a Post a trusty true brother,
Who in all their deep Schemes, as you have heard,
Was as deep as the deepest, tho' he never appear'd, *Derry down*

IV Their Directors at *London*, Men of great Penetration!
Having first enter'd into a grand Consultation,
Most wisely agreed Dr. *G---* to detach,
Who promis'd full roundly this work to dispatch, *Derry down*

V But mark how the *Tories*, full of malice and spleen,
Consulted to make their Revenge the more keen,
They contriv'd in their Favourite Month of *November*,
To give them a blow they'd for some time remember, *Derry down*

VI The Fourth and the Fifth are Days of great Joy,
And they ne'er the Third otherwise to employ,
But O treacherous *Tories*! and eke your assistance,
You should have been *Passive*, and make no *Resistance*, *Derry down*

VII The Third of *November* it chang'd to be *Monday*,
And who'd think a Parson would travel on *Sunday*?
But the pious Archdeacon, to carry the Farce on,
Had put on the Layman and laid by the *Parson*, *Derry down*

VIII The Affair on the Road they'd a great deal of talk on,
Till *Sh---*'s Coach carry'd 'em both to the *Palcon*:
There was *Sh---* and *L---foot*, and *K---le* and *G---ch*,
But I think Mrs. *J---ngs* was not in the Coach, *Derry down*

IX Next morning, the Junto having taken their Seat,
Found soon that their Numbers were far from compleat,
They puzzl'd and muddl'd, and fudgel'd about,
And at last after all, could make just nothing out, *Derry down*

X Had you seen them, you'd thought the Pretender had been come,
With the Emperor, *Spaniard*, and the Pope of *Rome*,
And the two Kings of *Poland* and *Prussia* were there,
To bring up the Rear with their Tall *Grenadiers*, *Derry down*

XI Says one Dr. *Cains* we owe this to you,
What I again over reach'd by your old friend, Sir *Hugh*,
Shall a little pert prating pragmatistical Proctor,
A contemptible *Mystreem* demolish a Doctor? *Derry down*

XII

Says G--- to himself must I bear this abuse too?
Why, I've only been playing the Game I've been us'd to;
I've prevented to serve 'em of late year, tis true,
But I'd fain know what service I ever did do. *derry down.*

XIII

Each shifted the blame from himself to his brother,
And so it went round from the one to the other;
But all said what chiefly surprized was that,
The Master of M--- should not smell a Rat, *derry down.*

XIV

Says the Master of M--- I've a Thought that will ease us,
My sad-coloured Coach shall fetch T--- of Jesus
And any Outlyers in whatever place they lurk,
For I pitch'd on this Colour to do dirty work. *derry*

XV

But T--- who lately strange Visions had seen,
Had resolv'd to turn Quaker just then in a dream,
And *Pallas* at Tim. Col. in shape of Bed-maker,
Had mislaid the Great Perriwig of *Johnny b---ker.* *derry*

XVI

Now the Scrutiny o'er to their grief and surprize,
Dr. L--- and M--- appear'd to their eyes;
So the villainous Tories having thus cut their comb,
They star'd like stuck Pigs and began thus their moan. *derry*

XVII

Says the Critick this L--- is what me perplexes,
I suspect that some Error crept into the Text-is,
O'erlook'd by some friends that did not attend us,
Hic sunt in numeris valde defendis. *derry down.*

XVIII

Says the fat man I don't know on whom to rely,
I'm afraid I shall never get farther than *Ely.*
Says the Monarch how shall I myself now defend
Vo my very good Neighbour, and Brother's great Friend?

XIX

Had you seen the Archdeacon in his Tribulation,
His grief and Grey Hairs would have mov'd your compassion;
Lord cries he, I fear I must after this Job,
Ne'er see my old Friend, my good Lord and Sir *Eob.* *derry.*

XX

Then, that S--- so fierce and so furious a Knight
And one that's so devilishly given to fight,
Lord what can I say to a man of his mettle?
Or what excuse to make to his worship. *Jo Kettle.* *derry*

XXI

But if I shew you how much severe his fate is,
He was forc'd to steal out thro' *Poor's Humilitatis,*
And sneak'd like a private Archdeacon in Coach-Stage,
Who with Coach and Six Horses came down to my Lord G--- *derry*

XXII

So he furnished discourse for all manner of folks,
Some vented their Spleen and others crack'd Jokes,
Thus the pitcher (or Gatch) says a a Wzg, as he pass,
Goes off to the Well, but comes home broke at last, *derry, &c.*

F I N I S